

SCHOOL DINNER EDITION TOIKE OIKE



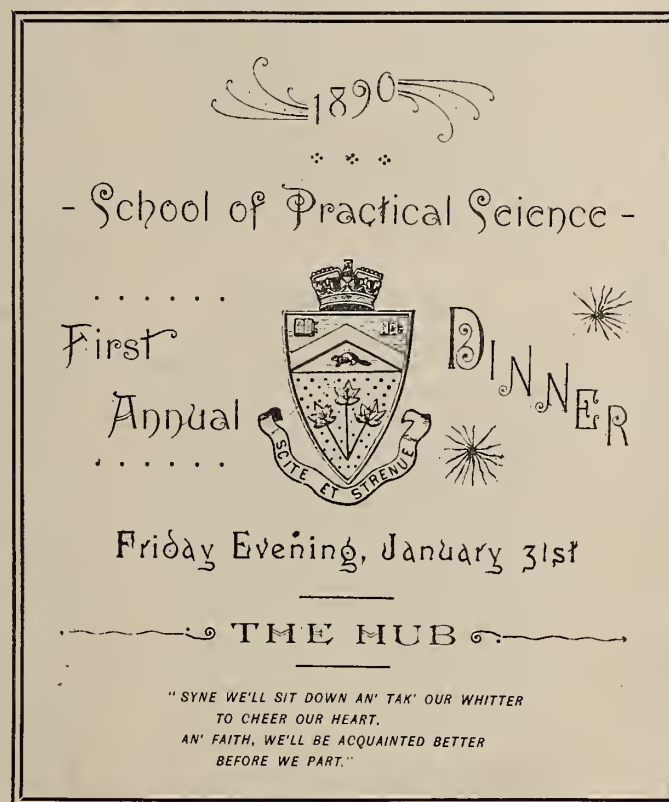
TOIKE OIKE, TOIKE OIKE, OLLUM TE CHOLLUM TE CHAY,
SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, HURRAY, HURRAY, HURRAY.

Vol. XXII

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1930

No. 4

THE FIRST CALL TO DINNER



THE DEAN'S MESSAGE

Gentlemen:

Again we have the Engineering Society Dinner—always a great event in this Faculty and equally so in the University. It is to be hoped that this year there will again be a very large attendance. If we hold to the same percentage of the Faculty enrollment as there was last year there ought to be nearly seven hundred present. It is worth trying for, even if the Great Hall has to bulge its walls.

I observe that this is the 41st Annual Dinner. What a record, and a continuous one at that! My thoughts go back to the 1st Annual Dinner, at which I was present as a student, held on the 31st of January, 1890, in the "Hub Restaurant", in Leader Lane,

across from where the King Edward Hotel now stands. It was a wondrous Dinner, with between fifty and sixty attending. (Nearly the whole School; a better percentage than your last year's Dinner.) Fortunately, I have kept the original eight-page "menu card" all these years among the treasures of my college days and have just been looking it over with great interest.

On the front cover of this menu card of forty-one years ago is the coat of arms of the good old School of Practical Science, with its motto beneath—"Scite et Strenue". I have often wondered whether your predecessors, who concocted the idea of the "School man's" much vaunted qualities of "meekness and peacefulness", might have had this motto in mind. I can understand how, naturally, they

accepted the "Scite" part of the motto as indigenous to "School", but am still wondering how they squared the meekness and peacefulness with the "Strenue" part!

Their Dinner Committee of those days, six in number, includes three members who today have gone very high in the profession and in the affairs of Canada. What, we wonder, will be said forty years hence.

The inside blank pages of the menu card provided for autographs, and I was fortunate in obtaining the signatures of fifty-two, practically all those present. They included those of Dean Galbraith and Dean Ellis, of renowned memory, and of Professor Stewart, whom we hope still to have with us

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The Toike Oike

Devoted to the interests of the Under-graduates of the Faculty of Applied Science.

Published Every Now and Then by the Engineering Society of the University of Toronto.

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IMPOTENT

The facts of the recent suspension of Bill Algie were plainly and accurately set forth by the Engineering Society in the "Varsity" of November 25th.

Based on that statement, student opinion in this and other faculties seems to unanimously condemn the ruling on the case. Based on that statement, so do we. And the entire proceedings are rudely enlightening.

The Engineering Society is revealed as a body whose authority exists only through the courtesy of a higher power; "self-determination" for the undergraduate of S.P.S. at least is only a sound of six syllables.

We are quite capable, through our elected representatives, of controlling our own store, our own finance—even of directing our own social functions—but we have not the liberty of making our own mistakes, nor of correcting them.

All that we can do is to bow so gracefully as possible before inplacable forces and realize that we are still children whom it is mete to chastise.

MOVING PICTURES ON THURSDAY

With two excellent meetings already to their credit, the Engineering Society Executive has planned another of the same for Thursday, December 4th.

Mr. A. E. Wildey of London, England, will be the speaker. Mr. Wildey is touring Canada on behalf of the Port of London Authority—a body analogous to our own Harbour Commissioners—and will speak about the recent engineering developments which have enabled London to maintain her key position as a Port against the competition of other newer British and Foreign Cities. He brings some interesting reels with him and will illustrate his remarks with them. Since Mr. Wildey has done this sort of thing in most of the cities of Europe and the chief centers of Canada, and since he is to address the Empire Club in Toronto on Thursday at noon, Schoolmen will be sure to hear a really interesting speaker.

CIVIL CLUB SMOKER

The Civil Club Executive has arranged a Smoker to be held in the East Common Room of Hart House at 7.30 p.m. on Tuesday, December 9. The guest speaker will be Mr. Taylor, the "Railway and Bridge Engineer of the City of Toronto." His subject is "The Education of the Civil Engineer—Part 2." A very interesting talk is assured. Free cigarettes and pipe tobacco, songs, and light refreshments are added attractions. A small sum of 25c. will be charged to defray incidental expenses. A full turnout of Civils from every year is expected.

ONE VERSION OF THE TRUTH

In our last issue you probably read of the attempt to discover a meaning for "Toike Oike", which awaited the return of Prof. C. H. C. Wright.

Prof. Wright, in an interview, said: "Toike Oike has no meaning. It was intended purely as a yell and was used because of its harmonious or inharmonious sounds."

And so another illusion goes west.

It seems that this business of yelling is of American origin, sometime in the '80's. The Varsity yell appeared in 1890 or thereabouts and "Toike Oike" in 1903.

It seems, further, that a crowd of students, including E. W. Oliver, A. E. Gilson, S. B. Code and "Andy" Gray, since deceased, went to a Chinese play. These syllables attracted their attention and hence "Toike Oike" came into being. E. W. Oliver, now a department head of the C.N.R., in

a phone conversation, refused to admit his part in it, although Prof. Wright thought that he was responsible for it. So he advised communicating with A. L. MacLennan, another member of the theatre party. But his line was busy. So now we're calling in Philo Vance.

DEBATING CLUB DINNER

This year the S.P.S. Debating Club is showing signs of real life. Early this Fall plans were drawn up for alternate debates and discussions every Tuesday evening in Hart House, and already several successful meetings have been held.

There will be no meeting this Tuesday on account of the School Dinner, but plans are now under way for a really good dinner on the following Tuesday. The guest of honour, Dr. J. R. P. Selater, a past president of the Cambridge Union, is one of Toronto's most popular speakers. This, coupled with the fact that a grant from the Engineering Society of 25c. per person has made it possible to offer a 75c. meal for 50c., is sure to make for a most successful dinner.

This is an excellent opportunity to become actively connected with this club which exists solely for the purpose of developing the ability, so necessary to all engineers, to speak clearly and well.

All undergraduates of this Faculty are members of the Debating Club and it is expected that as many as possible will attend this dinner.

SO FAR SO GOOD

We are indeed fortunate in our Rugby Representatives this year—Junior School. Their record is very good and they showed real class in getting as far as the finals for the Mulock Cup. And just remember those two games they played. Up against a fighting team, they outfought them, for a game and a half. Alibis are things that Schoolmen shun so we offer none. But hats off to as fine a lot of boys as ever played football.

Our greatest success to date this year was the successful defence of our Championship Track Team. Till very nearly the end of the meet the issue was in doubt; but "School" finally ran up a large margin on their old rivals, "U.C." The only record to be broken in the meet fell to Connolly's educated legs in the 220 yard low hurdles. Congratulations, Walter!

There are still other fields to conquer and all Hockey, Indoor Baseball and Basketball players are asked to watch the slate of the Engineering Building for announcements about these sports.

"JUST LIKE IN A STORY BOOK"

Being some unpublished episodes in the life of Philo Vance

Philo Vance sat bolt upright in bed—not that he usually sat bolt upright in bed, for it was much more comfortable lying down—but he was listening. A vague sense of fear stole over him, a feeling of an impending doom. The gloom trembled before his eyes, stifling him, shutting out life—paralyzing even his mighty brain.

"Let me think," he prayed in his dismay. But it was too late. He was already a graduate. Seven long years had he spent in the cloisters of University College, and now he could no longer think.

Crawling from his bed, he opened the window. The fresh night air blew in, reviving his benumbed body; slowly the veil lifted from his eyes—he was himself again.

Switching off the light; he was not surprised to find looming mystically in a moon beam, a double bladed axe of curious design embedded in the pillow where, but a moment before, his head had lain. At once he realized the significance of that weapon, and of the mysteriously wrought silken envelope attached to its handle by a safety pin. It was the warning from Nine Teen Yen!

Of all the cunning oriental master minds, there was none so dense as that of Nine Teen Yen, lord of the Parisien underworld. Great men trembled for their riches, poor men for their lives, for none was safe from the machinations of that wily cosmopolitan rogue. Vance alone had dared to defy him—today his footsteps, to hinder his plans, occasionally even to call a policeman. (For our hero was well known to the police.) Vance alone had that keenness of mind, that analytical power, that decisive fighting spirit, that knowledge of the classics which Nine Teen Yen feared. He alone was fit to cope with this fiend of the underworld, to save society from his clutches and many a fair damsel from a nameless doom. So it was quite natural that the wily oriental should plan the destruction of his most dangerous enemy.

But Philo Vance was not to be daunted by a mere warning. Grasping the axe with a firm hand he jerked it out of the pillow and carefully examined the blade for finger prints.

"Just as I suspected," he remarked to himself, scratching his chin pensively with the edge of the weapon, "the clever fiend carried it by the handle."

He examined the blade again and

was gratified to find several small blood stains with short dark hairs upon the edge.

"Clearly a case of *tinea trichophyton*," he murmured pensively, "or perhaps I need a shave."

At this instant, a small turbinéd figure crawled out from under the bathtub, bowed affably, took the weapon from Philo's hands and disappeared up the chimney.

"Amazin'," gasped Vance, as he dropped off to sleep again.

Next morning, cool and immaculate, Philo Vance strolled into the District Attorney's Office.

"Morning, Markham," he announced crisply, "Nine Teen Yen is up to his old tricks again. Left his card at my suite last night." With this, he deftly extracted the cloven pillow from his vest pocket and presented it to the startled District Attorney's gaze. The latter examined it critically, turning it over and over, and sniffing carefully.

"Try Life Buoy Soap," he recommended, "I think that will end your trouble."

Philo Vance lunched at his club. Here, in these spacious quarters, he could escape to rest his fevered nerves, to read his copy of "Hush", to calm his thoughts and plan his future actions. It was hard indeed, seated in that comfortable lounge, amid graceful palms and obsequious attendants, to realize that his life was being threatened, that in the illimitable cunning of Nine Teen Yen, death stalked the streets without. Slowly he turned the pages of "Hush" examining especially the weather reports and want ads. . . .

Vance had sat thus for about half an hour when suddenly his whole frame stiffened. Slowly he raised his head, brows furrowed, eyes focussed on some distant scene, his whole being expressing intense concentration. In a fraction of a minute, he had made his decision. Springing from his chair he strode rapidly and purposely from the room. His body vibrated under the command of that determined will which would not be shaken by the unknown terrors which might lurk ahead. Swiftly and silently he crossed the lobby, turned right into a dimly lighted passage, and, with a sigh, passed rapidly through a small door labelled "Gentlemen."

Lawyer—"Just where did the automobile strike you?"

Injured young lady—"Well, if I had been wearing a license plate, it would be bent all out of shape!"

(Continued from Page 1)

for many years. Many of those have climbed high since their student days, but it is a sad thought that half of the number have passed beyond.

Two features of that Dinner, however, have greatly struck me as I have studied the card: one is the extent and variety of the viands. Think of nine courses—from soup to nuts! Think of a choice of three things under Entrees, of four under Roast, four under Vegetables, six under Pastry, and five under Dessert! Those were the days for Dinners, days of patient eating. I begin to fear, however, that I may get in wrongly with Hart House if I enlarge on this. Perhaps our patience these days is not as marked as it was with your fathers forty years ago. (Some of you did have fathers, and grandfathers, at that first Dinner.)

The other interesting feature was the Toast List. I understand that your Toast List for the forthcoming Dinner will have but five numbers. Think of the list of forty-one years ago, when there were six regular Toasts and six extra ones added! Think, too, of the number of speeches, of proposers and responders. I have counted them up and there was a total (of sorts) which reached the alarming figure of twenty-one; and that is not all, for it seems that there were six songs from students interspersed between the Toasts. (I have just had a fresh shock, for I find that I sang one myself.)

Those were, too, the days of patient listening to innumerable speeches. Could we stand it today, or have we changed with the times? I imagine your answer will be the same as my own—the first in the negative and the second in the affirmative. But, just the same, we can today also answer the broad question which naturally follows:—Can we not still practise tolerance and patience? Would not the answer to that be in the affirmative?

Best wishes for the 41st Dinner.

C. H. MITCHELL,

Dean.

DINNER MENU

Citron and Pineapple Cocktail
Eastern String Celery Obsolete Olives

Synthetic Soup

Very Hot Young Son of a Rooster
Sauce a la Prussic Acid
Pickled Ammonia Cubes
Pommes de Terre a la Deux Bits
Aussi Scorched and Scalloped
\$15 Peas

Frozen Fodder

Dilute Zinc Sulphate

Havana Ropes Liquid Air
(Scotch Punch)

CRIME AND SCIENCE

The application of technical or scientific methods of detection of crime and the use of such findings for the prosecution of criminals has, in recent years, had a wide development. The public have followed the results with a strange and fascinated interest, and the fiction writer has fed the gullible with elaborate prodigies of his own imagination.

The relation between crime and chemistry has for centuries been a curious one. A desire on the part of individuals to detect poison in the body of a victim has led to much chemical research and many valuable and interesting discoveries. Then when the science of chemistry developed, because of industry, multitudinous new poisons were placed at the disposal of the poisoner. So the see-saw game proceeded. Statistics show, fortunately, that few people indeed die of poison compared with medieval days, when the art of poisoning was the primary political pastime. Mankind must have become somewhat immunized, however, else how could so many survive the atmosphere in Room 66 on a busy afternoon?

The technical criminologist has a strange variety of problems confronting him. The analysis of a counterfeit coin, the identification of drugs in a "deck of snow", may engage his attention just after he has determined that the luckless wretch killed on the highway last night was intoxicated at the time of the accident. A playful farmer throws a white salt over the line fence of his neighbour, and cattle die; the chemist shows that the salt is arsenate of calcium.

The identification of bullets by their composition — weight, measurements etc.—is an art in itself, and one given careful attention in any court.

Criminals will fall into at least three classes. The first are incited to plunder by the expectation of "easy money", with which they hope to gratify their desires. The second are the "Jeans Val Jean" of the world, those who by social circumstances are seemingly driven outside the pale of honesty. The third type is the criminal who is unable to go straight, a person who has no real desire for the results of his dishonesty, and who will frequently commit a criminal act when an honest or normal one would have sufficed.

Now, since our viewpoint is that of an engineer—the doing of work merely to detect a criminal is indeed unsatis-

factory. More important should be the conception: How can crime be prevented? In the three types mentioned above, it would appear that the first group are beyond our reach. It may be that punitive measure of our courts, and persuasions of psychologists will work a remedy. With the second group, our changing and continually improving social and economic lives will soon find a solution. But it is with the third group that there lies great possibility for the sciences of the not distant future to effect radical changes for the betterment of the whole race.

In Germany and in Mexico today serious consideration is given to the fact that, while prisons merely segregate those who are convicted of crime, they do nothing to ascertain the cause, or attempt to affect a cure. The warden of Sing-Sing, in a nation where prisons are "full to overflowing", speaks out in public articles to the same effect. What they appear to feel, but seem almost unable to express, is that much crime is in reality disease.

If this latter hypothesis is correct, to whom shall be entrusted the mission of searching for a remedy? It will undoubtedly be to the combined professions of medicine and chemistry, ever converging as they are, on points of human welfare.

There is ample reason to hope that some day the chemist will do more than help run the criminal to earth, that crime will be attacked from a preventative aspect. Then—then I should like to be a chemist, constructive, creative, curative—to be which we were intended.

L. JOSLYN ROGERS, '08.

RENDEZVOUS

All loyal Schoolmen will assemble as follows to-night:

IV Year—East Common Room.

III Year—East Common Room.

II Year—West Common Room.

I Year—Debates Room.

Staff—Faculty Union.

Head Table—Music Room.

The Third and Fourth Years will enter the hall through the south door via main archway.

The Second Year will enter the hall through the north door via billiard room corridor and Tuck Shop stairs.

The First Year will be seated after the Second Year.

The Staff will be seated before the students.

WHAT EVERY SCHOOLMAN SHOULD KNOW

There are three outstanding events in School's academic year—and tonight is the first of these—the School Dinner. No real Schoolman will miss this one great "get together" of the whole Faculty, nor the opportunity to hear such outstanding Canadians as will grace the Head Table. The dinner itself cannot be duplicated for the price of one dollar, for the Engineering Society helps to pay the bill. So the evening is a bargain from a gastronomical point of view alone.

Furthermore and especially, it will be our privilege to hear Mr. E. W. Beatty, President of the C.P.R. Among other things, Mr. Beatty is rated as one of the greatest after-dinner speakers in America. He is brimful of humour and can be relied upon to give you a wonderful talk.

He has been president of the C.P.R. for eleven years and when he came into office he was the youngest man ever to occupy such an important presidency. Now he is 53 years old and a bachelor, in fact one of the wealthiest and most talked of bachelors in the world. Some of his well known characteristics are his business gait, his long black stogies and the famous list to starboard of his hat. He is a man of dynamic personality and his numerous speeches reflect his original mind and great physical stamina. He spends a great deal of time in his gymnasium in order to keep fit for the strenuous program which he has to fill.

He is a graduate of Law and once played on Varsity's Seconds, regretting that he could never make the first team. He is still an enthusiastic sportsman and a great lover of youth.

Nor will he be alone at the head table. T. H. Hogg, Chief Hydraulic Engineer of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission, Dean DeLury, and our own Dean, Prof. L. B. Stewart, with several other members of the Faculty will be present, as well as representatives from Queens, McGill, and O.A.C.

Freshmen especially—don't pass up this chance. The other Years have been to former dinners and know what they would be missing. So you will find that nearly all of them are going. There's a reason. And if there are 848 wise Schoolmen in the Faculty, there will be 848 hungry Schoolmen in Hart House tonight at 7.15. It is a rare opportunity to meet a great man at a great dinner.

LAST CALL TO DINNER!